

Now what a stir is in the house  
This Sunday morn in Spain!

Clear frock, clean laced & combed  
The children wear, the Mother, hand

Fresh ribbon, & ~~smooth~~ <sup>brisk</sup> ~~brisk~~ hair

Let off the trowsers & under smock,  
Which the new-shaved father peep;

Gladness diffused to cottage hills;

With sweet & unaccustomed shrills  
In the ~~house~~ <sup>yard</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>meat</sup>.

And neighbours come to walk to Church,  
Two maidens & one man;

The kit, the joy, are all for her,

The baby sweet-as Cavenches,

The infant-of-a-spawn!

They bear her to her Father's courts,  
Promoted by this charge;

And, does she smile, or does she weep, =  
Fond memories will the record keep,  
And tell the tale at large;

When she in her turn brings the babe

~~a dear gift to her god~~ The sign upon her brow.

When water sprinkled, Cross inscribed?  
Witness to heavenly <sup>at p26m33</sup> ~~prae~~ imbibed.

No man can tell us how,

"What-shuff!" The ready scoffer cries  
What ~~man~~ an infant-knew  
Of mysteries of sin or grace  
May glorify or ~~else~~ disgrace  
The man in him shall prove.

"That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
And any fool may see  
The growth, development, the parts,  
The penny efforts, length, arts,  
By which he grows in flesh.  
The ways of the Spirit, none can tell,  
Nor how He comes and goes;  
In the babe's secret-heart-and-mind  
A knowledge, scarce of human-kind  
The little one may spell,  
Not what we hear nor what we see,  
Hear't, & know so well,  
Makes up the babe his Lord receive,  
The babe who loves & fears & grieves,  
And with his Lord doth dwell.